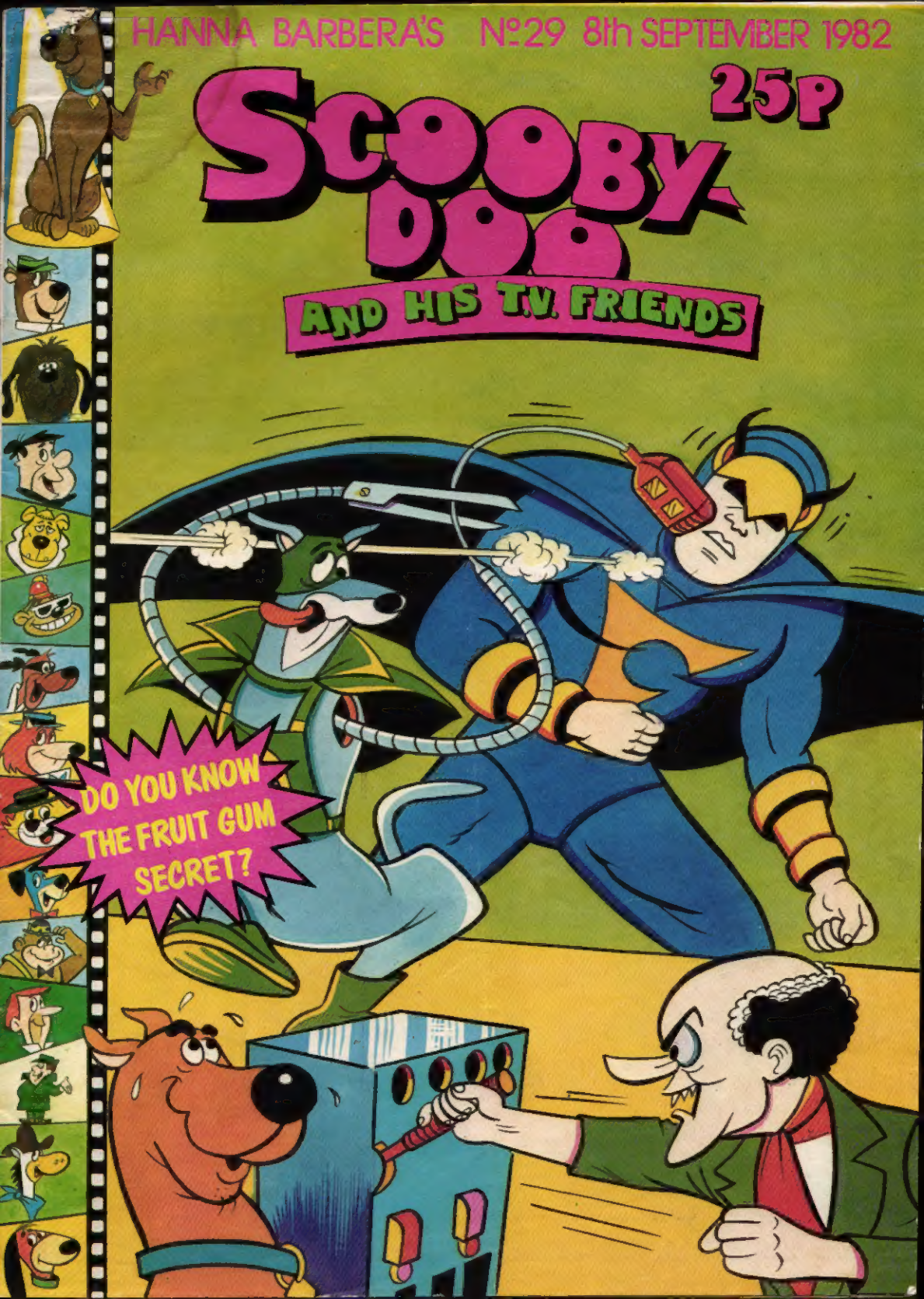


HANNA BARBERA'S No.29 8th SEPTEMBER 1982

25P

# SCOOPY-DOO

AND HIS TV FRIENDS



DO YOU KNOW  
THE FRUIT GUM  
SECRET?



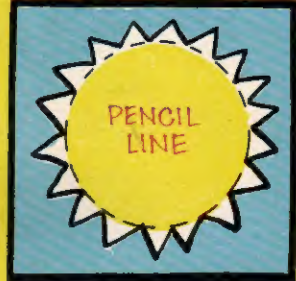
# THINGS TO DO WITH SCOOBY DOO

HERE'S HOW TO MAKE THE JETSON'S ROBOT, ROSEY. YOU'LL NEED A KITCHEN ROLL OR A TUBE MADE FROM CARDBOARD. THEN PLACE THE TUBE ONTO CARD AND TRACE AROUND IT. (B.)



CUT ALONG JAGGED LINE

(B.)



GLUE TABS TO TUBE

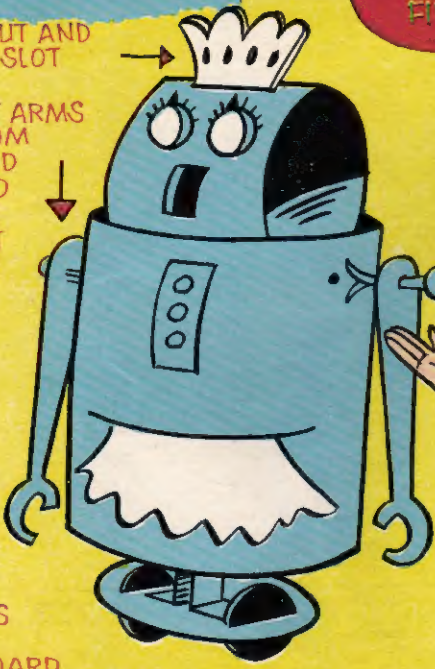


BEND CARD AND SLOT INTO TOP OF TUBE.

PAINT ON DETAILS AND ROSEY'S FINISHED!

CUT AND SLOT

CUT ARMS FROM CARD AND USE SPLIT PINS



BEND CARD AND GLUE



SLOT BUTTONS INTO CARDBOARD DISC.

# SCOOBY-DOO'S GHOSTLY CLUB HOUSE



## HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO...

Timothy Seymour-Smith's dog, Jasper, who will be 1 on September 2nd, Benjamin Goodridge who will be 7 on September 2nd, Chris Lowe who will be 7 on September 3rd, Dominic Hogsden who will be 10 on September 3rd, Robert Green who will be 12 on September 5th and Phillip Surtees who will be 6 on September 6th.

Dear Scooby-Do, I read your comic every week. I think it's great. I like the competitions and the puzzles and I like your stories best of all. Here is a picture of Scrappy-Do.

Catherine Dewsbury.



## Next Week...

We'll show you how to make this fantastic stand up model of Scooby-Do!



Now it's your turn to write to us. Send in your jokes, letters, pictures, birthdays (7 weeks in advance) and requests for pen pals. Write to:

Scooby's Ghostly Club House,  
Marvel Comics Ltd.,  
Jadwin House,  
205-211 Kentish Town Road,  
London NW5 2JU.

## SCOOBY'S PEN PAL SERVICE!

Dear Scooby,  
I wonder if you can find me a pen pal. I am nine years old, please could I have a girl pen pal. I would like her around my age.

Deborah Hill,  
Jesmond,  
103 Kings Road,  
Essex CO9 1HH.

Dear Scooby,  
Please could you find me a pen pal. I would like a boy pen pal around my age. I am 10 years old.

Paula Alexander,  
13 Glenlea Park,  
Garnerville Road,  
Belfast 4.

Dear Scooby,  
Please will you try and find me a pen friend. I am nine years old.

Michelle Honey,  
166 Park Road,  
South Newton-le-Willows,  
Merseyside WA12 8HX.

Dear Scooby,  
If it is not too much trouble for you I would like a girl pen pal.

Clare Jennings,  
73 Weald Road,  
Romford,  
Essex.

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# THE GHOSTLY CLOCKTOWER

THE SNOWBOUND SLUMBER OF A PEACEFUL ALPINE VILLAGE IS DISTURBED BY CANINE HOWLS AND HUMAN SCREECHES...

... AND THE BALEFUL MOANS OF AN ELDERLY, BUT SPIRITED, GHOST!

YEEOW !!

SCOOBY DOOOO!

YOU CANNOT ESCAPE--EVEN IF YOU RUN TO ETERNITY!

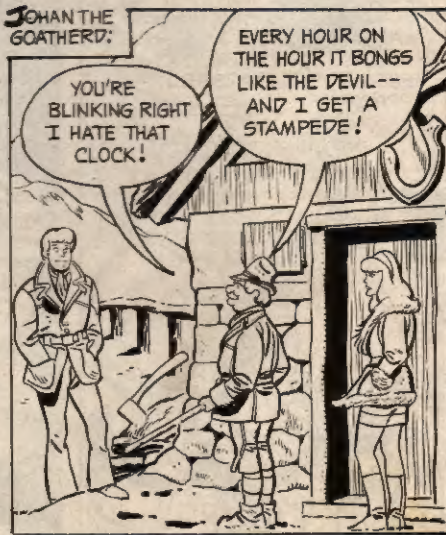
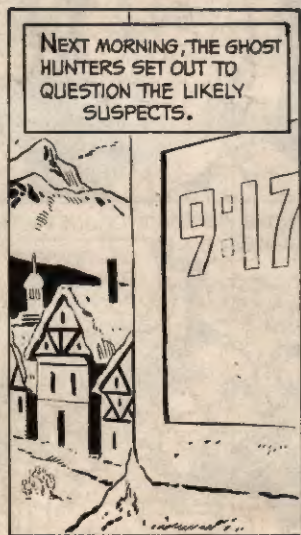
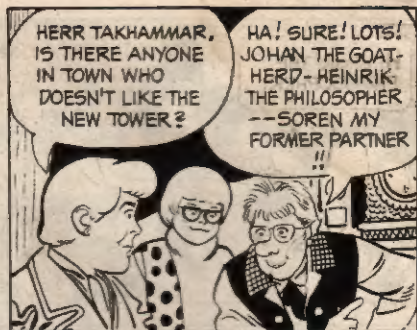
FOR YOU-- TIME HAS COME!

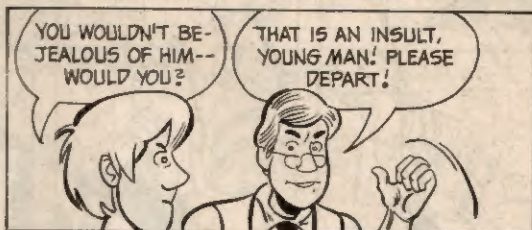
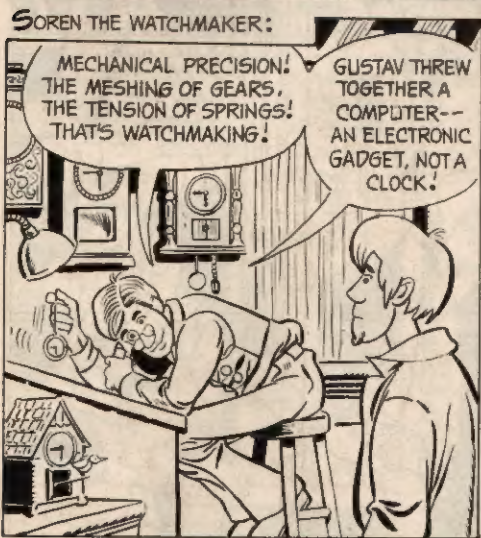
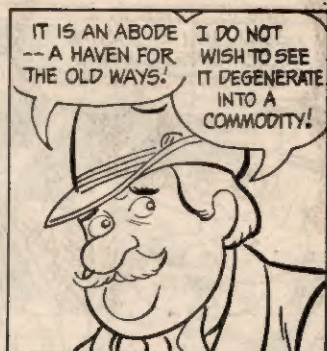
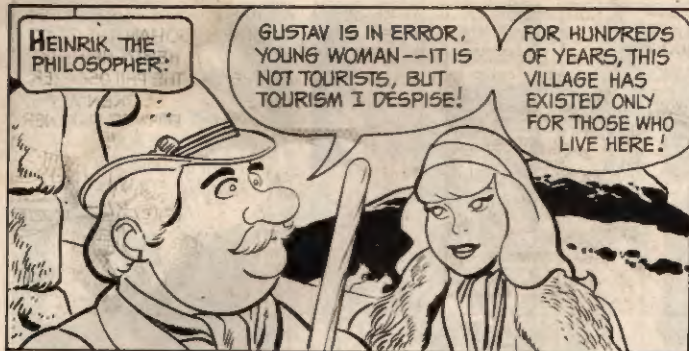
YOWP!

SCOOBY! SHAGGY! OHHH! FRED--THERE THEY ARE!

I SEE! THEY FOUND OUR "GHOST!"









MOMENTS LATER...

WHERE'S A DOOR? THIS IS A BLOCK OF--

--HOLLOW SNOW?!



JEEPERS! IT'S NOT SNOW--IT'S MADE OF WOOD -- TO CONCEAL THAT SECRET TUNNEL!



I KNOW I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO BE THE BRAINS OF THIS TEAM--BUT I BET I KNOW WHERE THIS LEADS!



RIGHT UP INTO SOREN'S SHOP--HUH, SCOOBY? C'MON! FOLLOW ME!



SOME TIME LATER:

- HUFF- WE'VE BEEN WALKING FOR HOURS, SCOOBY!

SOMETHING'S WRONG! WHY DOESN'T THIS TUNNEL END?

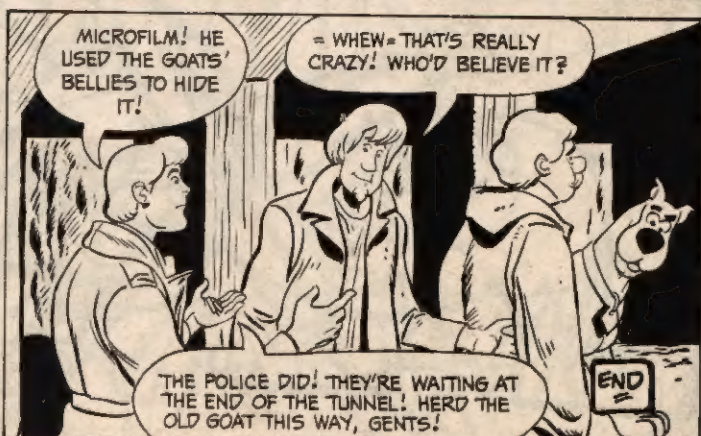
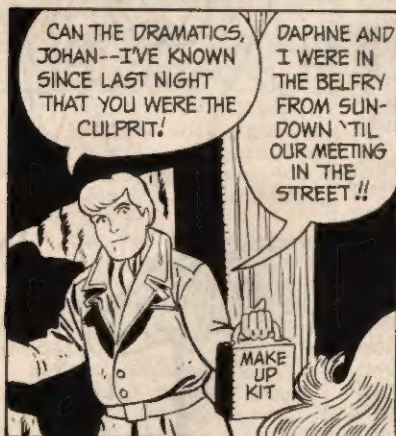


AAAGH!

IT DOES END, FOOL-- HERE AND NOW FOR --YOU!

YOUR TIME IS UP!





# HUCKLEBERRY BADGER!



**STORY TIME**

**D**eary me," said Huckleberry Hound, looking out of his kitchen window. "What nasty, wet weather! I'd better put on my wellington boots when I go out!"

So, before he went out shopping, he put on his wellies, which were brand new. He shut his front door, and set off to the shops. As he was tramping through the wet, muddy streets, he heard someone calling his name.

"Huckleberry! Hey Huck!" It was his old friend, Yogi Bear.

Just as Huck was looking round to see where he was, he stepped on a slippery patch of road. Now, the soles of his new wellies were shiny and clean, and suddenly, Huck fell over face-down into a puddle. Yogi Bear came running over to him.

"Are you alright, Huck? Get up from that puddle!"

Huck stood up and stared all round him. His nose was rather squashed, and he had a faraway look in his eyes.

"My names is not Huck!" he said.

"What!" gasped Yogi. "Of course it is! You're Huckleberry Hound, my old pal!"

"I've never heard of Huckleberry Hound!" said Huck. "I am a badger!" And before Yogi could do anything, he picked up his shopping bag, and ran away down the street.

"Well I never!" said Yogi, scratching his head. "What odd behaviour! It must be that bump on the head that did it! I had better go and look for him!" And he set off, to look for his friend.

Meanwhile, Huckleberry Hound, thinking he was a badger, was running out of the town, into the fields. "I must get back to my hole!" he was muttering to himself. At last, he came to a hedge, which covered a hole in the ground. Huckleberry crawled inside. "Aha!" he said happily. "This is where badgers live!"



"Excuse me," said a voice behind him "what are you doing here?"

Huck looked round, and saw a large black and white badger frowning at him.

"I live here!" said Huck. "I'm a badger!"

"You're a dog," said the badger!

"Nonsense! I'm a badger!"

"Listen, dog," said the badger, in a critical voice. "If you're a badger, then I'm a china tea-pot! Clear off - this is my home."

"Alright," said Huck. "I obviously got the wrong house. I know I live somewhere round here!"

## THE SEARCH

He climbed out of the badger's hole, and went off through the fields. Yogi Bear was wandering through the fields near him, looking for him in all the holes he saw.

"Excuse me," he said, looking inside. "Have any of you seen a dog that thinks he's a badger?" But nobody had. All they said was: "These bears get sillier every day!"

Presently, however, when Yogi put his head down a badgers hole, he got the answer he had been waiting for.

"Yes, I've seen him," said the badger. "He went up the road towards that clump of trees. What's the matter with him?"

"He fell in a puddle and lost his memory!" explained Yogi. "Thanks for your help." And he went off towards the clump of trees calling "Huckleberry! Where are you? Huck!"

Suddenly, a voice called out: "Stay where you are, and put your paws up!"

"Huck!" cried Yogi. "At last

I've found you! I was getting worried!"

"I said put your paws up!" snarled Huck Hound. "What are you doing round here, bear? This is badger country!"

"Come home, Huck!" begged Yogi. "It's time for tea!"

"I warn you!" said Huck. "I'm a mean badger!"

## THE CATCH

He looked so mean that Yogi decided to leave before he got angry. He went back to town and thought very hard about how to get Huck to come home. "Got it!" he said at last. He hurried back to the clump of trees, to try his idea.

"Who goes there?" asked Huck, stepping outside his hole. "Aaaagh!" For Yogi had suddenly put a big fishing-net over his head. "Help!"

"Got you!" grinned Yogi. "I'm sorry, old pal, but it's for your own good!" He took the fishing net and its contents back to Huck's house. When they were locked inside, he let Huck out of the net.

"Now, Huck!" he said. "This is your home! Don't you recognise it?"

"I've never been here in my life!" said Huck firmly. "Badgers do not live in houses."

"This is going to be tough!" sighed Yogi bear.

"I'll dig up this floor and make a proper house!" said Huck. He grabbed a spade, and started to try digging a hole in the kitchen floor.

"Hmmm," Yogi, said to himself. "I'd better look through all his books, and see if they have any ideas in them about getting Huck to see that he's a dog!"

He began looking through all the books on Huck's shelf, and presently he found what he was looking for. "If someone has lost his memory" he read, "the best way to get it back is to give them a shock."

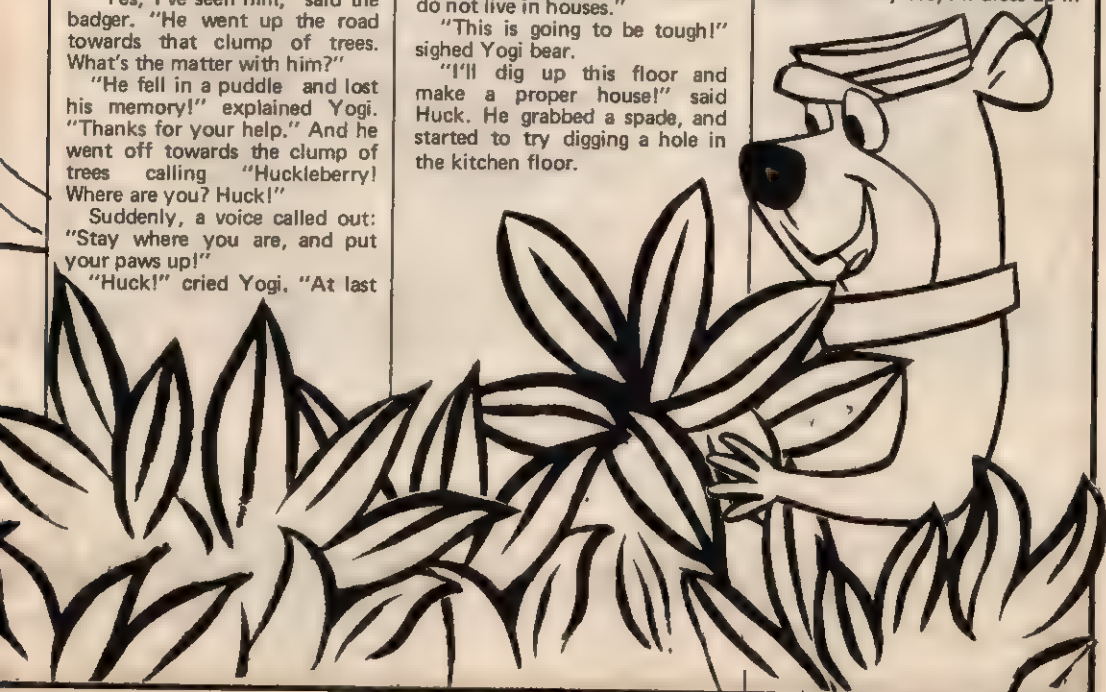
"Simple!" said Yogi "I'll give him a terrible shock!"

He put his head round the kitchen door and made a shocking face, but Huck took no notice. Next, Yogi blew up a paper bag and burst it. It went off with a loud bang, and he gave himself a dreadful shock, but poor Huckleberry hardly seemed to hear. Yogi then filled a bucket with cold water, and threw it suddenly over Huck, but all Huck said was: "Oh dear, it looks like rain!"

"This is impossible!" sighed Yogi. "BOO!" he screamed.

"Shh!" said Huckleberry Hound. "Can't you see I'm busy?"

Then Yogi had another idea. "Perhaps he's scared of ghosts!" he thought. "I'll climb into his roof and make thumping noises, and then, when he comes up to see what they are, I'll dress up in





a white sheet and wave my arms, and if that doesn't shock him, nothing will!"

Feeling very pleased with himself, Yogi found a big white sheet, and climbed up a drain-pipe onto the roof.

He made very loud thumping noises with his feet, but Huckleberry Hound did not seem to have heard, for he did not come up to see what it was. Yogi put the sheet over his head, and made ghostly noises, but it's not much good pretending to be a ghost if nobody can see you.

"Shucks!" he muttered. "That didn't work either! I'd better get down from here!"

However, it's a lot easier to get up on a roof than it is to get down from one. Yogi tried and tried to get back down the drain-

pipe, but it was useless. "Help!" he groaned. "I'm stuck!"

It was getting very cold and windy up on the roof, and Yogi Bear wished he had not been so silly. Then he had an idea. "I know!" he thought "I'll climb down the chimney!" It was a small chimney, and Yogi was a fat bear, but somehow, he squeezed himself down it. It is not very nice inside a chimney. It was very hot and dirty, and soon, the chimney got so narrow that Yogi was stuck.

"Help!" he yelled. "Help!"

"What's that strange noise?" wondered Huckleberry Hound. At that moment, a piece of soot got up Yogi's nose, and he gave a terrific sneeze. He went shooting down the chimney very fast, and burst out of the kitchen fireplace in a cloud of soot.

"AAAAaagh!" shrieked Huck.

"It's only me!" said Yogi.

"Yogi!" cried Huck. "What were you doing up the chimney?"

"You know me!" exclaimed Yogi. "You're not a badger any more!"

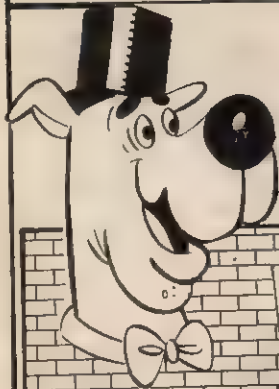
"Badger?" said Huck. "What are you talking about?"

Yogi explained to him how he had lost his memory.

"Well, well," said Huck, when he had heard about it. "If it hadn't been for you, I'd still be trying to dig up my floor! Let's have some supper."

"Suits me!" grinned Yogi.

"Yogi," said Huckleberry Hound, "you're the best friend a badger ever had!"



# THE SCOOBY JOKERS

What do ghosts eat for lunch?  
*Ghoulash!*

What do ghosts eat for supper?  
*Spook-etti!*

Robert Suddaby

What is yellow and dangerous?  
*A banana with a machine-gun!*

Phillip Bollands.

What is red and white and goes  
'whoo whoo'?

*A ghost with measles!*

D. Pallister.

What do frogs drink?  
*Croaka-cola!*

Simon Gregg.

What language do twins born in  
Holland speak?  
*Double dutch!*

Where does an American cow  
come from?  
*Moo York!*

David Whitby.

What goes up and never comes  
down?  
*Age!*

James Clifford.

Why did the banana go out with  
the prune?  
*Because he couldn't find a date!*

*customer - Waiter I'm in a  
hurry, will the pancake be long?  
Waiter - No sir, it will be round!*

Carolyn Young.

Why did the Submarine blush?  
*Because it saw the Queen Mary's  
bottom!*

David Lloyd.

HANNA-BARBERA'S  
**DYNAMUTT**

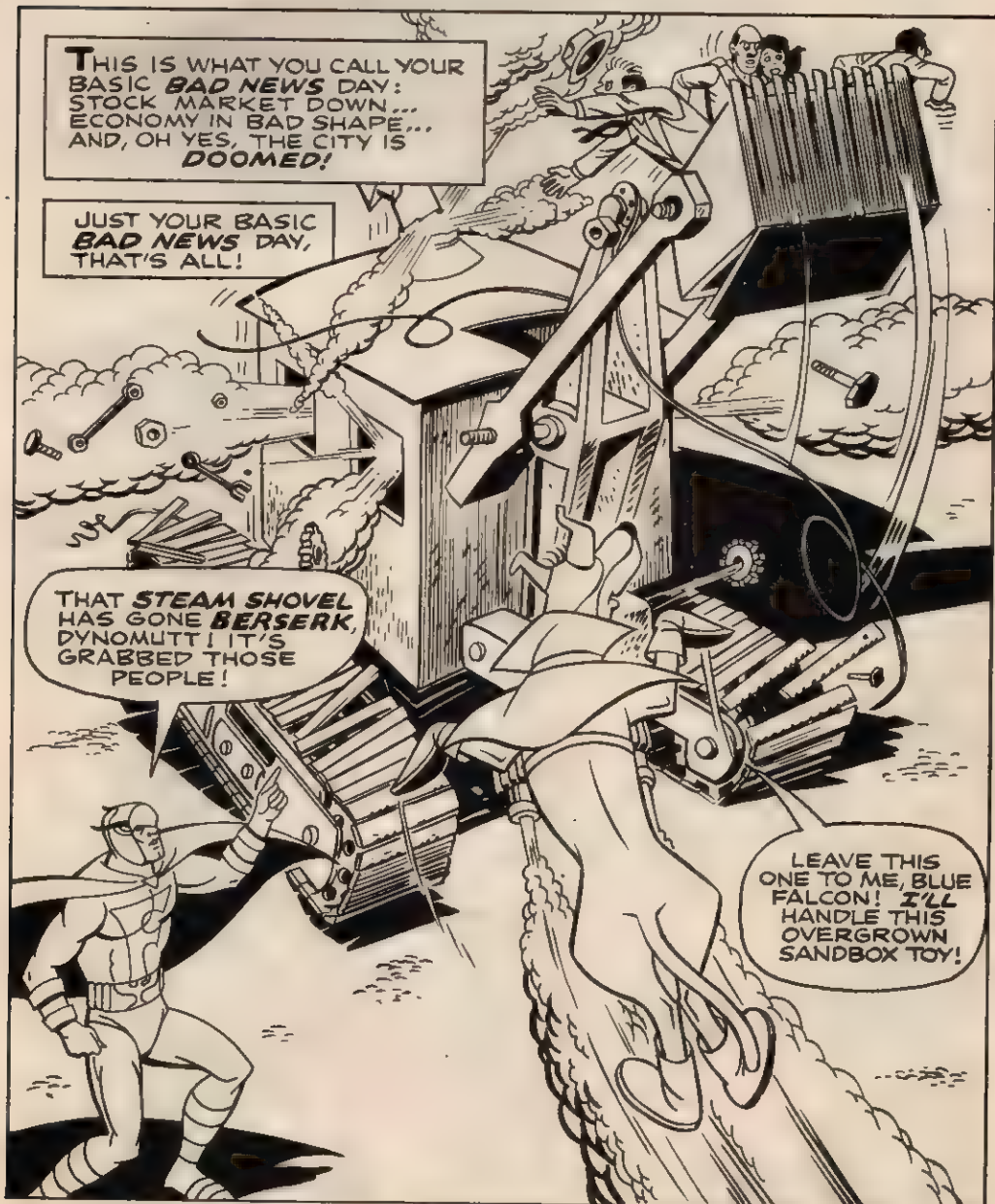
# THE ASTOUNDING MR. MASTERMIND

THIS IS WHAT YOU CALL YOUR  
BASIC **BAD NEWS** DAY:  
STOCK MARKET DOWN...  
ECONOMY IN BAD SHAPE...  
AND, OH YES, THE CITY IS  
**DOOMED!**

JUST YOUR BASIC  
**BAD NEWS** DAY,  
THAT'S ALL!

THAT **STEAM SHOVEL**  
HAS GONE **BERSERK**,  
DYNAMUTT! IT'S  
GRABBED THOSE  
PEOPLE!

LEAVE THIS  
ONE TO ME, **BLUE  
FALCON**! I'LL  
HANDLE THIS  
OVERGROWN  
SANDBOX TOY!





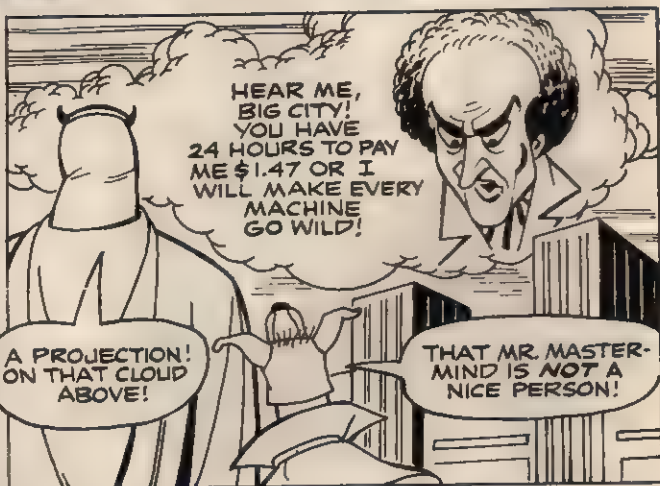
AS THEY SAY, "FOUR-ARMED IS FOREWARNED!" OR "FORE-WARNED IS FOUR-ARMED!" OR...

ANYWAY, THEY SAY SOMETHING LIKE THAT!

MINUTES LATER...

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED, B.F.!

I'M AFRAID OUR WORK HAS JUST BEGUN! LOOK!



HEAR ME, BIG CITY! YOU HAVE 24 HOURS TO PAY ME \$1.47 OR I WILL MAKE EVERY MACHINE GO WILD!

A PROJECTION! ON THAT CLOUD ABOVE!

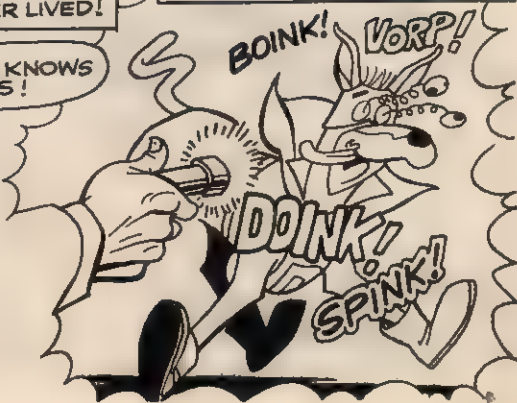
THAT MR. MASTERMIND IS NOT A NICE PERSON!

MR. MASTERMIND? WELL, FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO CAME IN LATE, HERE'S A QUICK RECAP... (BUT TRY NOT TO LET IT HAPPEN AGAIN... OKAY?)

MR. MASTERMIND IS THAT NOT-TOO-NICE GENT WHO CLAIMS TO BE THE MOST BRILLIANT PERSON WHO EVER LIVED!

AND HE HAS A RAY THAT MAKES MACHINES—LIKE OUR OWN DYNAMUTT—GO CRAZY!

MY GENIUS KNOWS NO LIMITS!

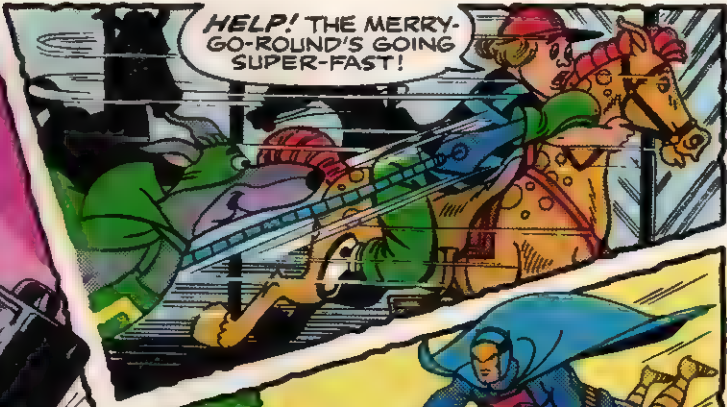


BOINK! VORP!

DOINK! SPINK!



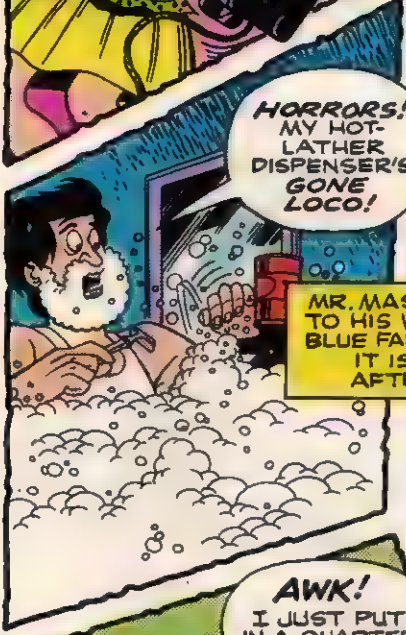
**EEEK!**  
MY TOASTER'S  
COME TO LIFE!



**HELP! THE MERRY-  
GO-ROUND'S GOING  
SUPER-FAST!**



**YEEK!**  
MY  
TRASH-  
COMPACTOR  
IS AFTER ME!

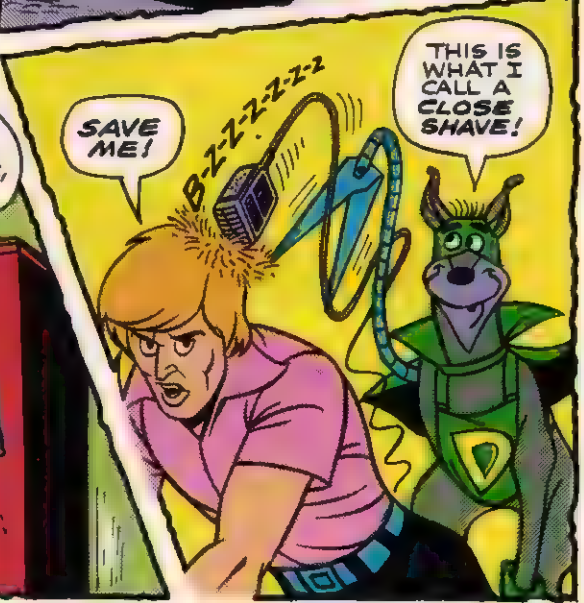


**HORRORS!**  
MY HOT-  
LATHER  
DISPENSER'S  
GONE  
LOCO!

**MR. MASTERMIND IS TRUE  
TO HIS WORD AND FOR  
BLUE FALCON AND DYNAMUTT,  
IT IS ONE CRISIS  
AFTER ANOTHER...**



**AWK!**  
I JUST PUT  
IN A QUARTER,  
THAT'S ALL!



**SAVE  
ME!**

**THIS IS  
WHAT I  
CALL A  
CLOSE  
SHAVE!**

WHILE ALL THIS IS GOING ON...

THE CITY COUNCIL DOESN'T HAVE THE POWER TO PAY MR. MASTERMIND THE \$1.47! WE HAVE TO PUT IT ON THE NOVEMBER BALLOT!

EXCUSE ME, PLEASE!..

I BELIEVE I KNOW WHY THIS MR. MASTERMIND WANTS THE \$1.47!

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, NOT TOO FAR AWAY...

DYNAMUTT, OLD PAL, THINGS COULDN'T GET ANY WORSE!

GREAT GALAXIES! THINGS JUST GOT WORSE!

SPING!

VOICK!

BOING!

DOOP!

MY CANINE COMPANION HAS BEEN STRUCK BY MR. MASTERMIND'S FIENDISH RAY!

VOOP!  
GRUNK!  
DUNK!

VLIP!  
SPAM!

WITH HIS POWERS, HE COULD DO GREAT DAMAGE IN THIS CONDITION!

BOING!  
DOOP!

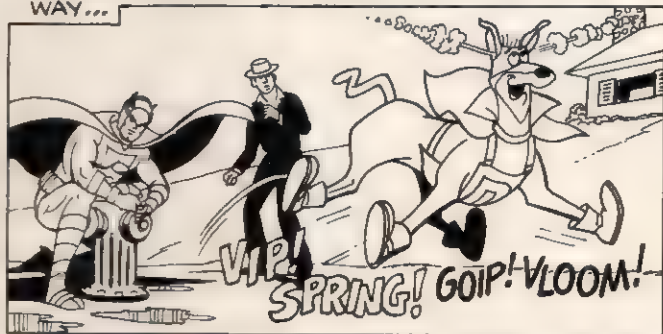
SMASH!



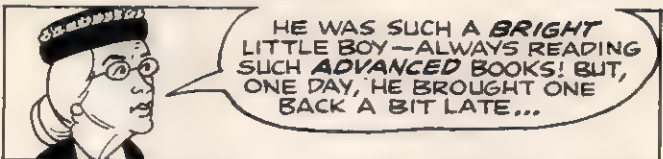
...AND HERE'S  
A PERFECT  
EXAMPLE!



BLUE FALCON FUSES THE BROKEN HYDRANT SHUT  
WHILE DYNAMUTT CONTINUES ON HIS HAYWIRE  
WAY...



BLUE FALCON MAKES THE ACQUAINTANCE OF...



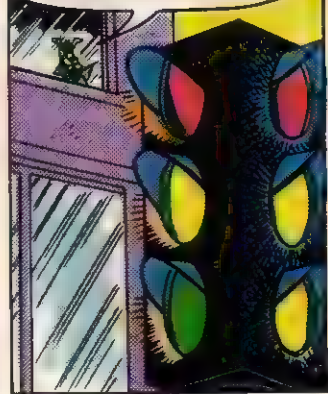
THAT'S WHO MR. MASTERMIND IS! BUT AT THE MOMENT, WE'RE IN THE MAYOR'S OFFICE ...



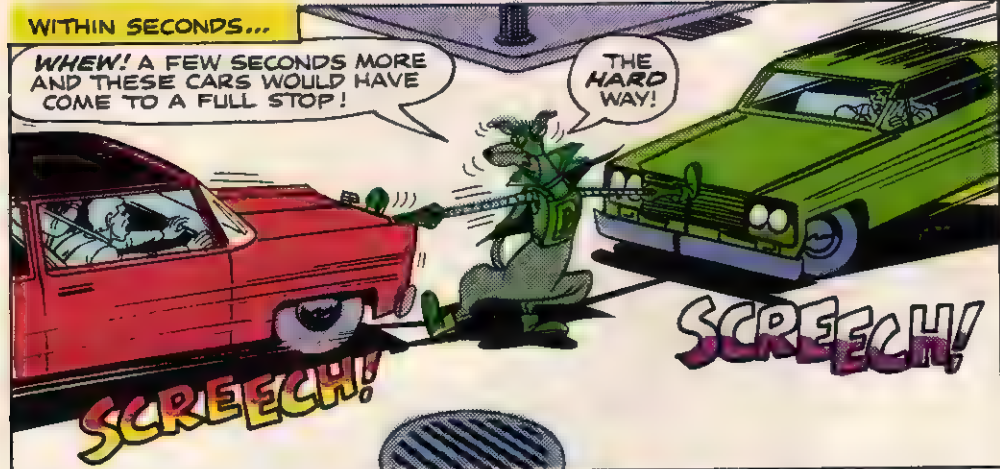
WHAT I DON'T UNDERSTAND IS WHY HE'S DEMANDING ONLY \$1.47 FROM THE CITY!

I HAVE NO IDEA!

I HAVE AN IDEA WE'RE IN FOR AN ACCIDENT! THAT SIGNAL'S BLINKING GREEN AND RED!



WITHIN SECONDS...



WHEW! A FEW SECONDS MORE AND THESE CARS WOULD HAVE COME TO A FULL STOP!

THE HARD WAY!

SCREECH!

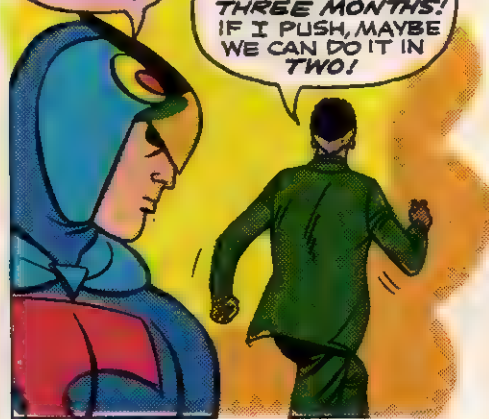
SCREECH!

THIS CANNOT BE ALLOWED TO CONTINUE! OUR ALARMS DON'T WORK... ELEVATORS ARE GOING CRAZY WITH PEOPLE IN THEM...

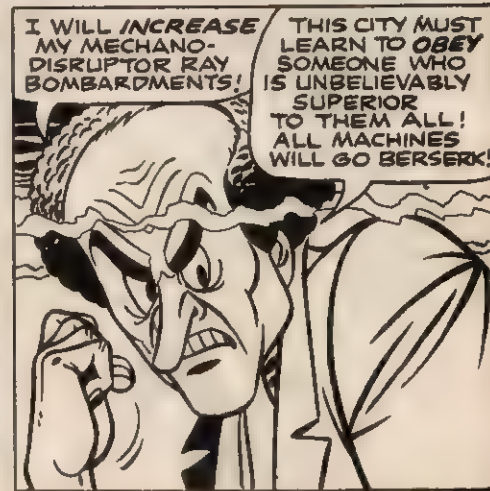
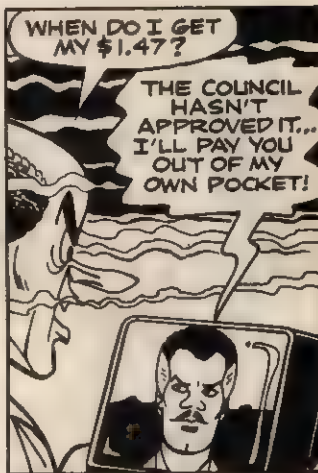
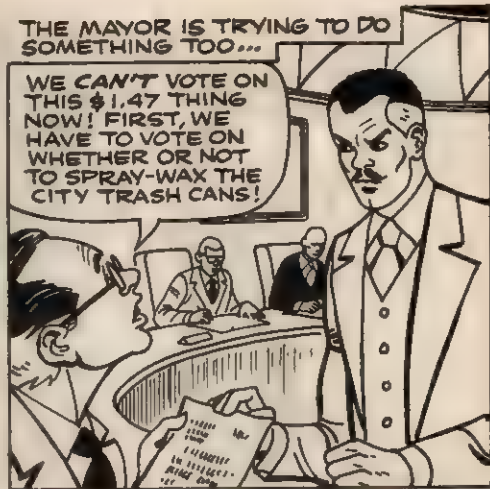


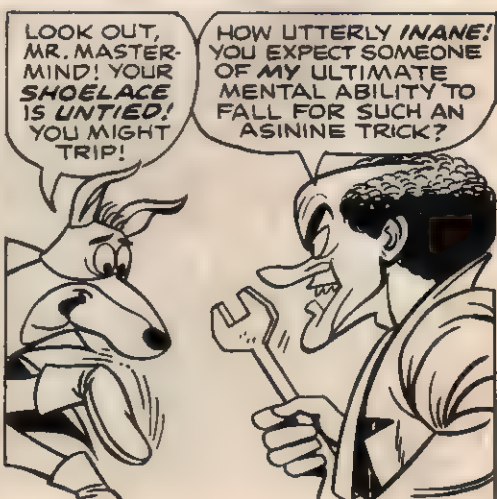
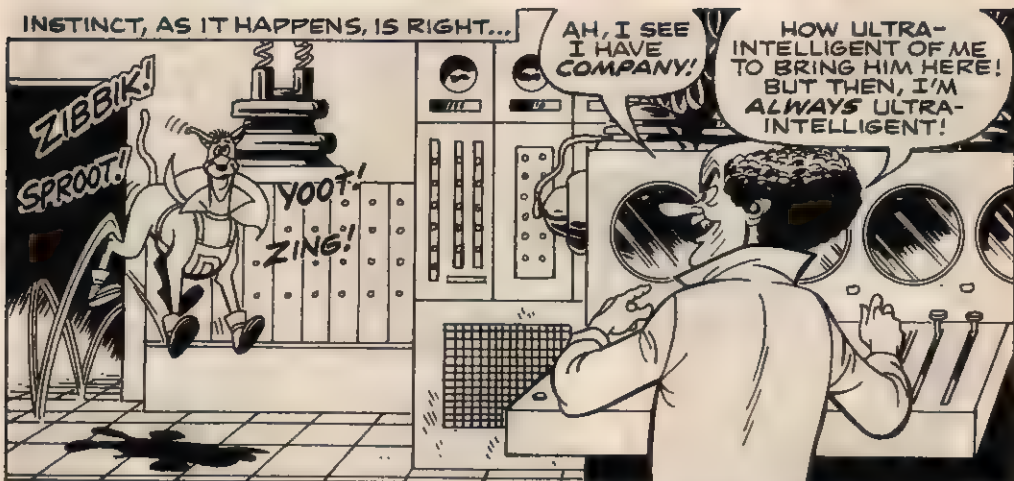
I'M GOING TO ASK THE CITY COUNCIL TO APPROVE PAYING THE \$1.47!

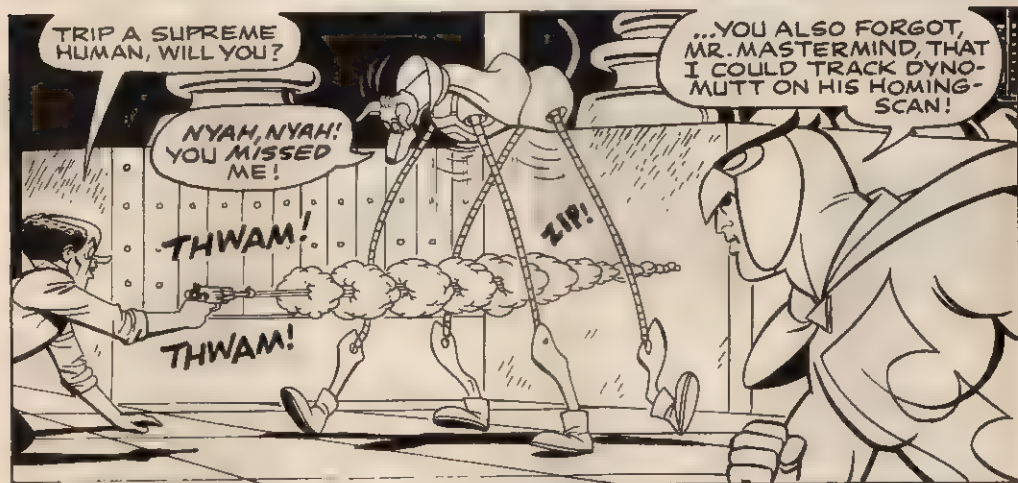
HOW LONG WILL THAT TAKE?



THEIR RECORD FOR VOTING ON ANYTHING IS THREE MONTHS! IF I PUSH, MAYBE WE CAN DO IT IN TWO!









SEE? EVERYTHING REDUCED TO ASHES! THERE IS NO EVIDENCE OF WHAT I DID! YOU CANNOT ARREST ME!



MR. MASTERMIND, YOU HAVE **ANOTHER** LIBRARY BOOK OVERDUE — A COPY OF "THREE LITTLE FISHIES IN A POND," OVERDUE SINCE '928!

WHAT?!



LET'S SEE... FORTY-NINE YEARS AT THREE CENTS A DAY... YOU OWE \$536.55!

BUT I HAVEN'T GOT IT! AND YOU CAN'T ARREST THE WORLD'S GREATEST GENIUS FOR AN OVERDUE LIBRARY BOOK! NO! IT WOULD BE TOO EMBARRASSING!



AND SO, AS OUR TALE DRAWS TO A CLOSE...

HOW'S OUR PRISONER DOING?

HAVE A LOOK FOR YOURSELF, B.F.!



I ROBBED TWELVE BANKS!

I ROBBED FOURTEEN BANKS AND HIJACKED AN AIRLINER! HOW ABOUT YOU, MAC? WHAT ARE YOU IN FOR?

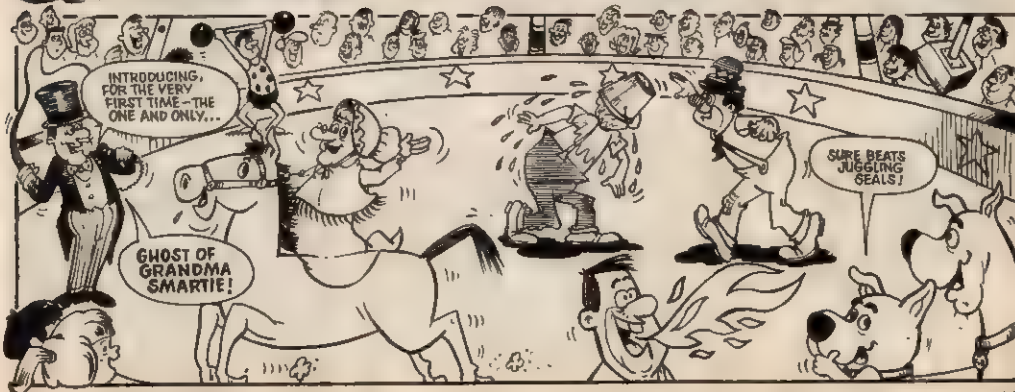
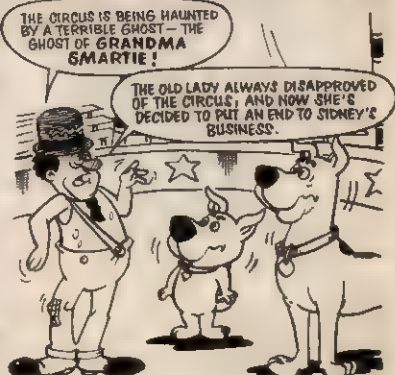
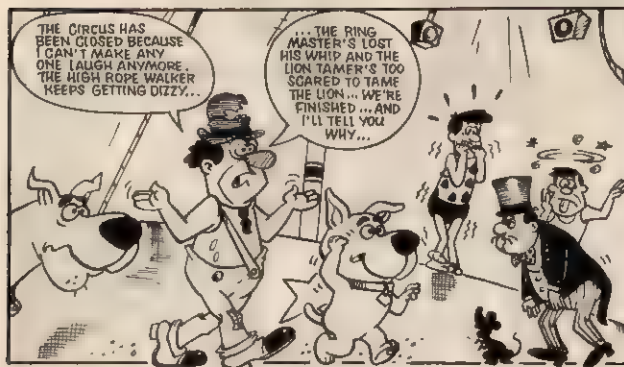
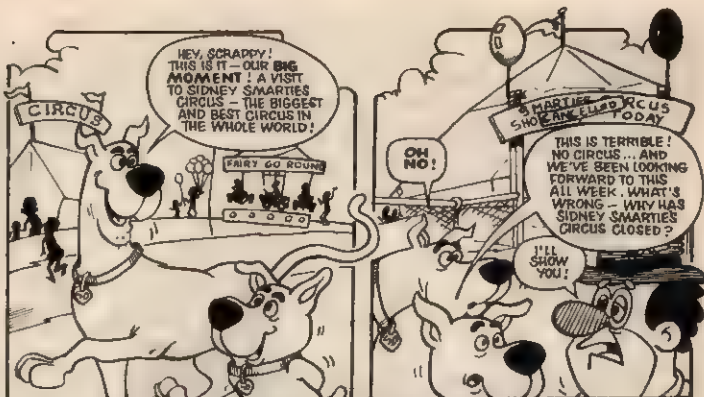
OH, SHUSH!

THE END

# SCRAPPY'S TALE!

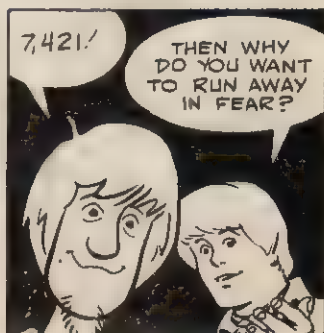
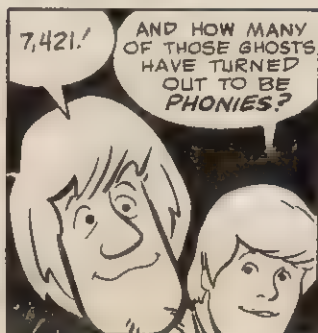
STORY: JENNY O'CONNOR

ART: DAN PHIPPS

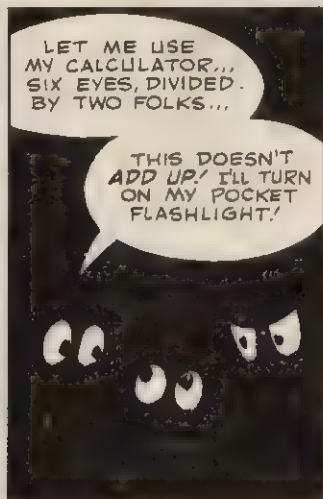


# BEEF OF BAGDAD Part Two

Just before Babu was to take his turn at the high jump, the last event of the Laffa-a-lympics, he was turned into a snail for violating the bottle of Rinjamur, which Baron Dread had given to him. The only way to reverse the curse is to eat the meat from the exalted Joom-Joom, a cavern in Bagdad! Scooby-Doo and his friends set out to find the meat, but get trapped inside the cavern of Joom-Joom the story continues . . .

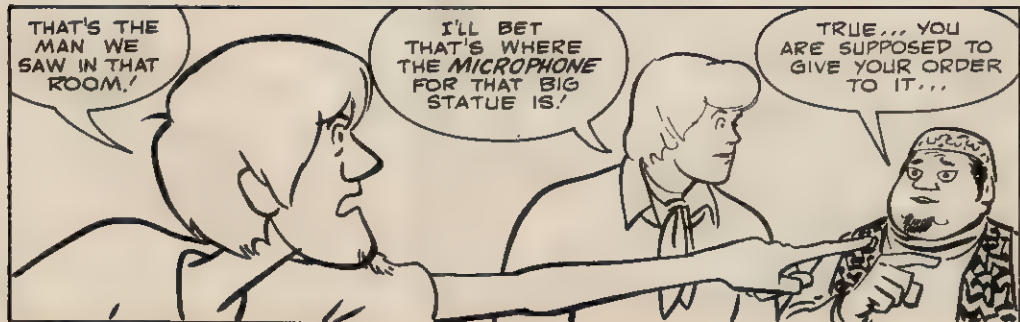
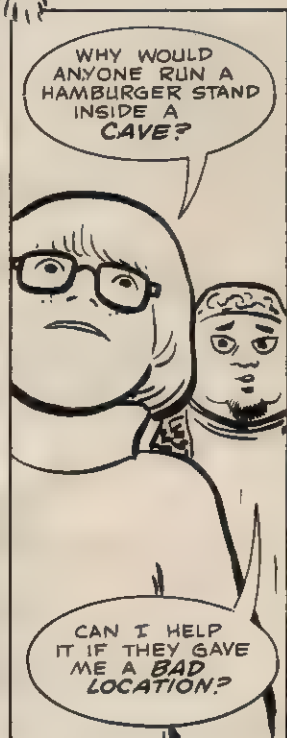


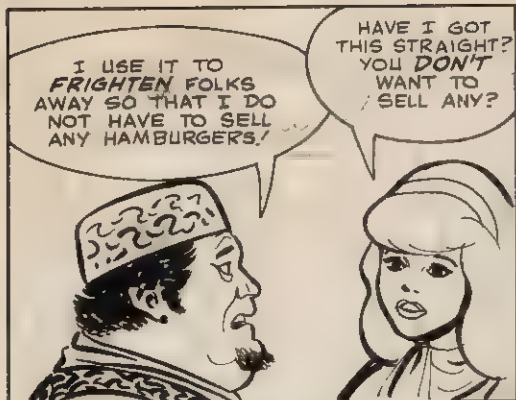




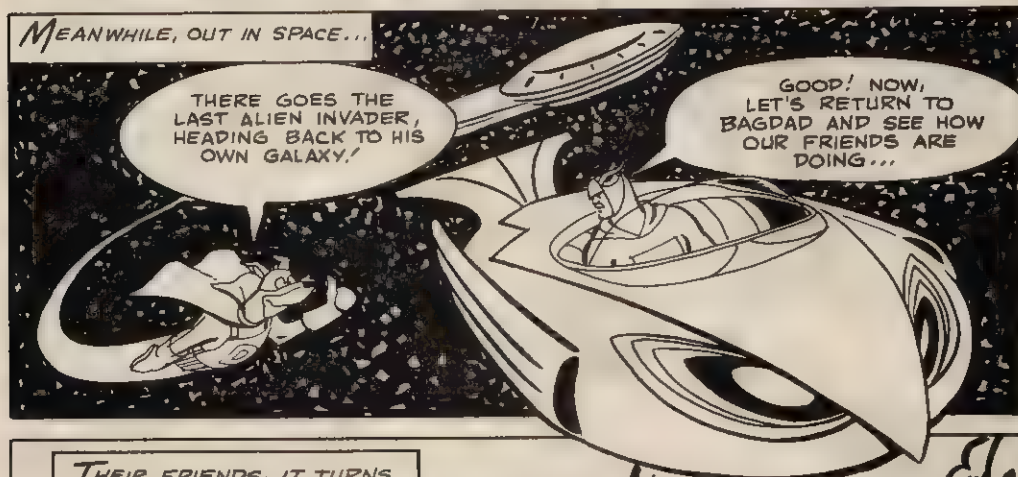


YOU CAN LEARN A LOT FROM ONE OF THESE THINGS!





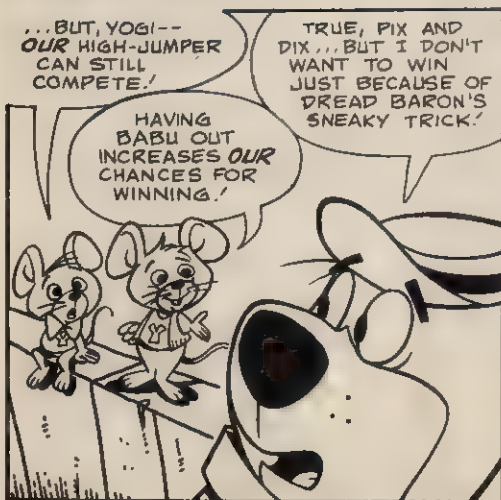
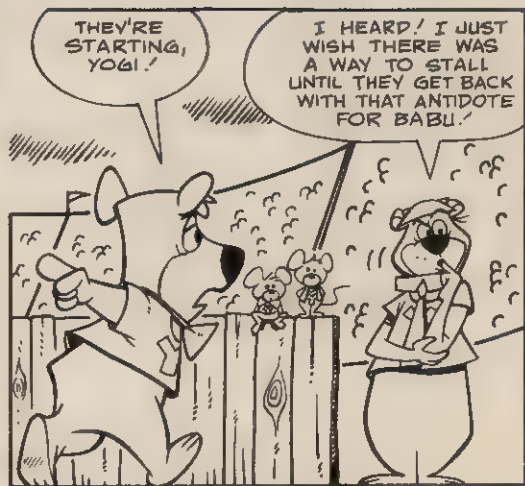
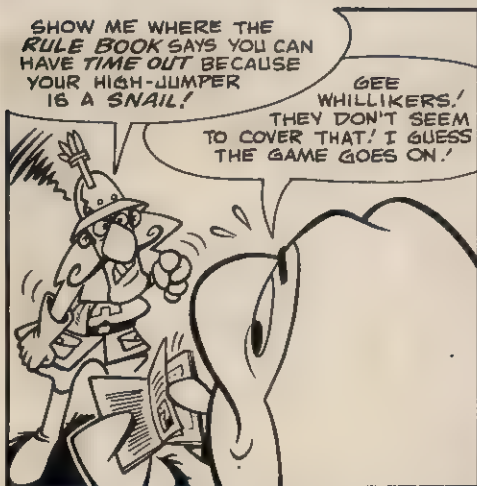
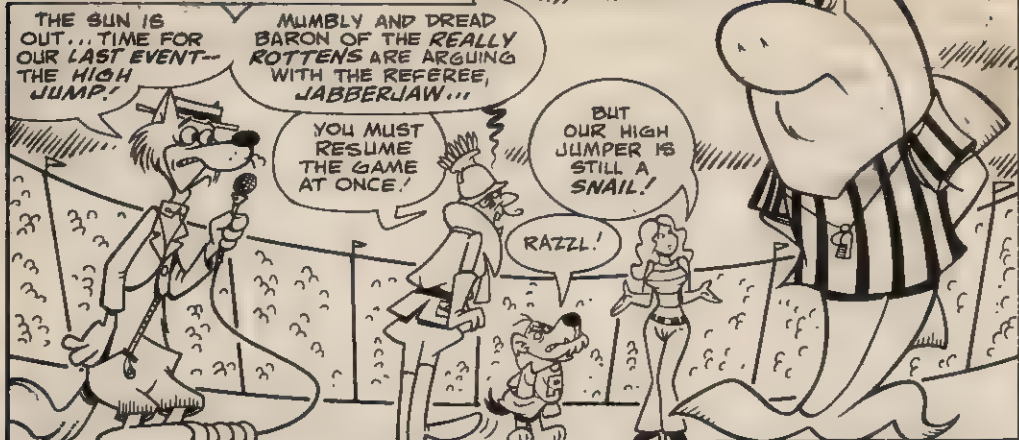
MEANWHILE, OUT IN SPACE...

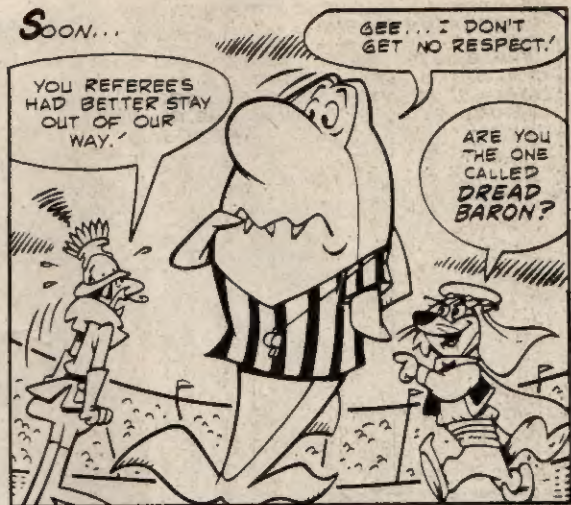


THEIR FRIENDS, IT TURNS OUT, ARE DOING FINE...



**BETTER HURRY, VELMA! IT'S ALREADY TOMORROW MORNING BACK HOME...**







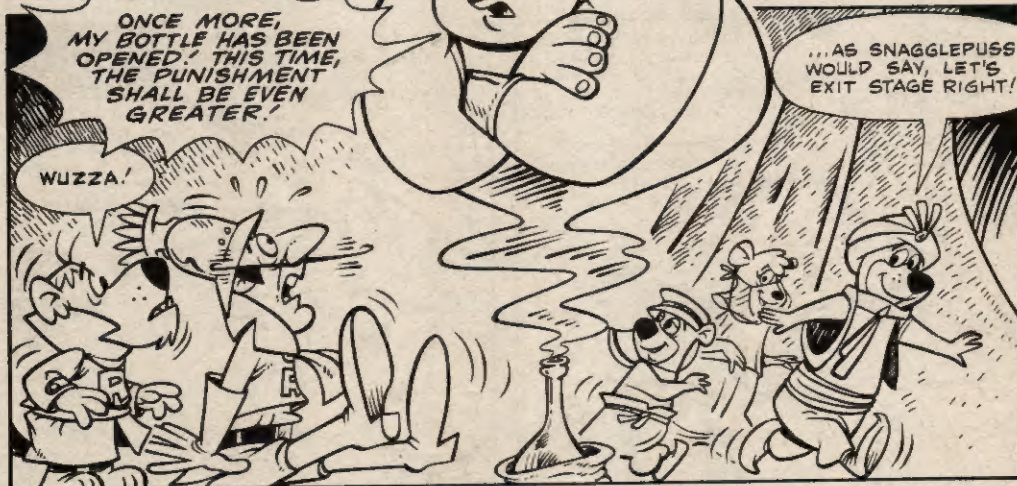
THE REWARD WILL COME LATER! FIRST, JOIN ME IN SOME CELERY JUICE! YOU MAY HAVE THE HONOUR OF OPENING THE BOTTLE!

YOU ARE TOO KIND...



FRAZZA RAZZL SNARF!

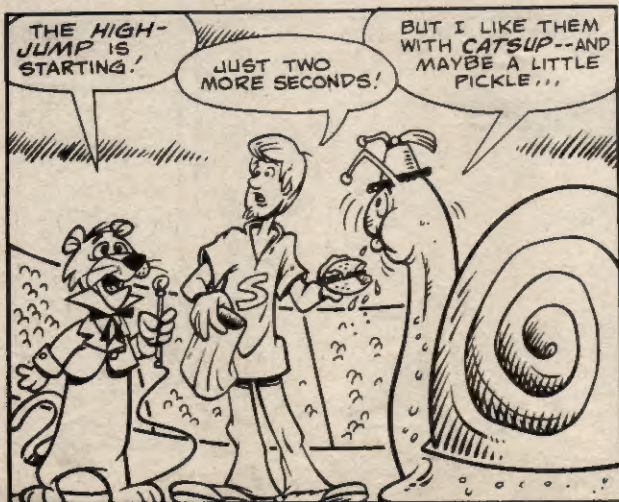
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN! I THINK WE'VE BEEN BAMBOOZLED!



ONCE MORE, MY BOTTLE HAS BEEN OPENED! THIS TIME, THE PUNISHMENT SHALL BE EVEN GREATER!

...AS SNAGGLEPUSS WOULD SAY, LET'S EXIT STAGE RIGHT!

WUZZA!



THE HIGH-JUMP IS STARTING!

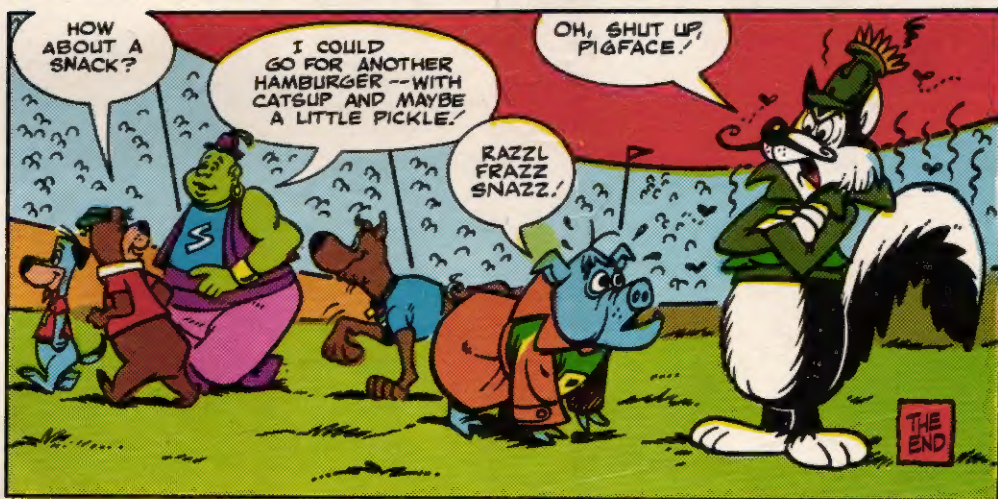
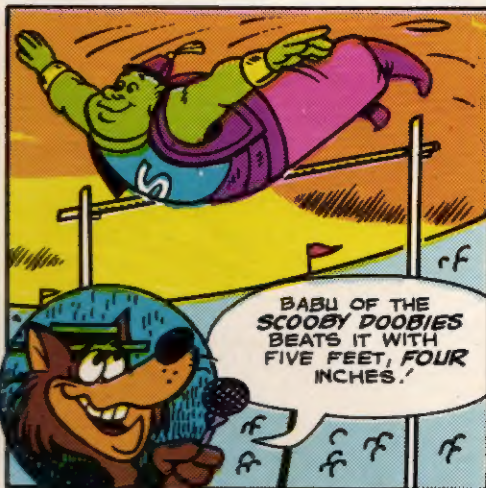
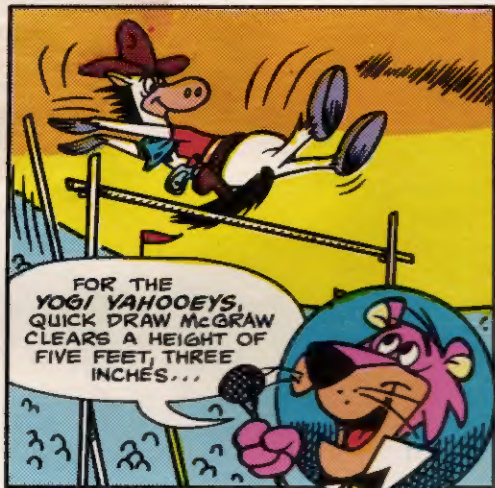
JUST TWO MORE SECONDS!

BUT I LIKE THEM WITH CATSUP--AND MAYBE A LITTLE PICKLE...



I'M ME AGAIN! AND ME ISN'T A SNAIL! LET ME AT THAT HIGH-JUMP!

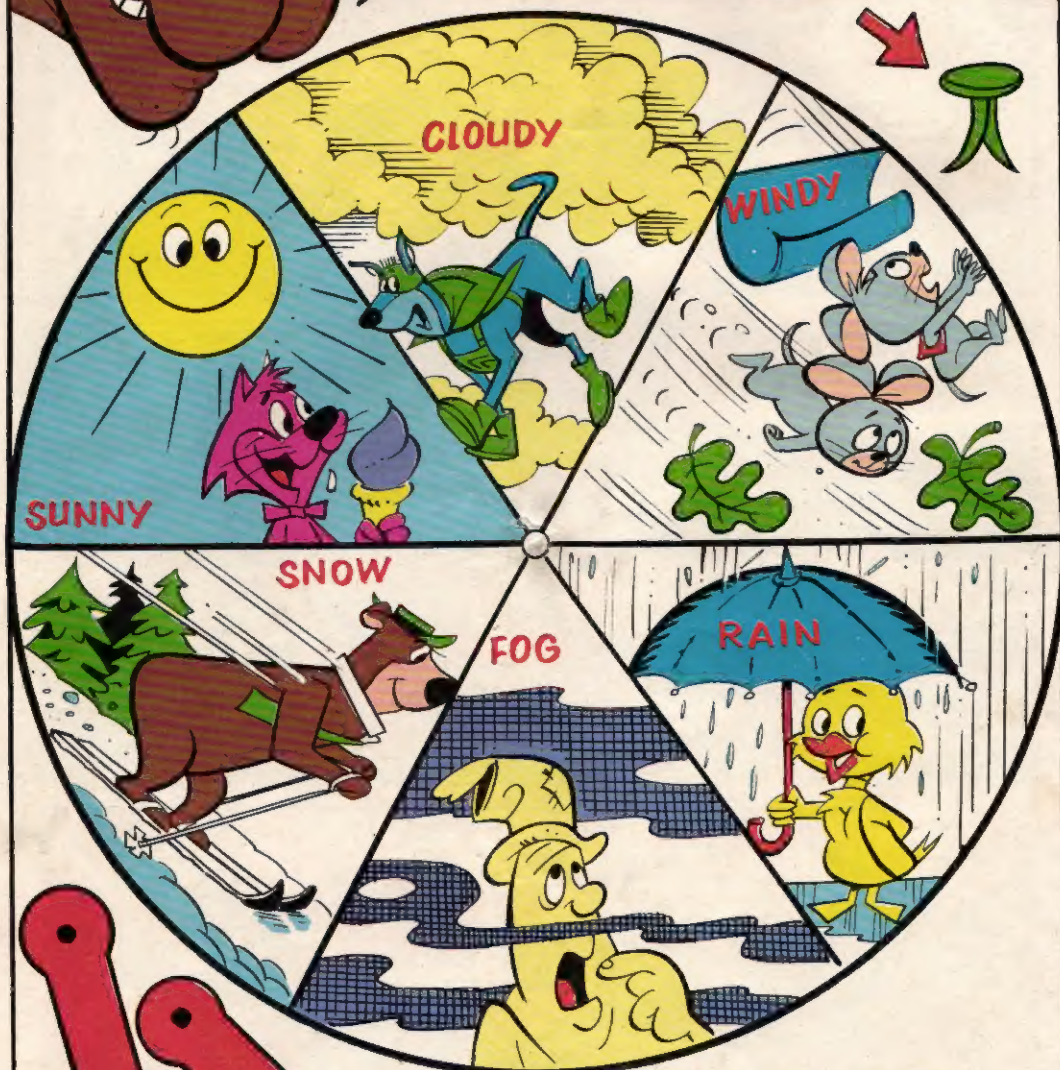
POOF!



# Things to Do with SCOOBY DOO



GLUE THIS WHEEL TO CARD THEN CUT IT OUT. DO THE SAME WITH THE ARROWS BELOW AND PIN TO THE CENTRE WITH A SPLIT PIN.



EACH MORNING SEE WHAT THE WEATHER IS LIKE AND MOVE THE HANDS TO THE APPROPRIATE SECTION. YOU MAY NEED BOTH POINTERS IF EXAMPLE THE SUN IS SHINING WHEN SNOW IS ON THE GROUND... KEEP A RECORD OF THE DAY TO DAY WEATHER ...